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HAWAIIAN LOVE SONG.

(The phrase on which this poem turns is the most tender and eloquent expression of affection and love in the Hawaiian language.)

Our northern tongue for battle,
For argument and trade,
But not for wooing looks of love
From eyes of doubting maid;
More sweet the story uttered
In far-away Hawaii—
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

The Dane, the Celt, the Saxon
Are lovers quite as true
As any e'er the tropic sun
To dreamy roundness drew;
But none can voice so sweetly
Love's glad, triumphant joy
As this untaught Hawaiian—
"Aloha nui oei."

Pale autumn pensive lingers
Along the crimson wood,
Or bends to weep above the spot
Where late the poppy stood,
And sighs as sighs the lover
For one in far Hawaii,
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

The mother rocking softly
Her first born, crooning low
The quaint, unwritten song of love
That babes and mothers know,
Drifts where the palms are sighing
In far-away Hawaii—
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

Sweet phrase, all unacquainted
With sound of care or strife,
Like love untutored come to speech
You bubble into life!
Oh, dusky-eyed Koolele,
Oh, lithe-limbed, blue-eyed boy,
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

—Charles Eugene Banks, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Tell-Tale Semicolon

By P. Beauvoy.

"AHA!" exclaimed my chief, as he tossed be a letter which had arrived by the first post, "another of those extraordinary jewel robberies, by means of a forged note of instructions, and the victim is the London and Paris bank, too. Should have thought they were too near to the other victims who suffered last year to have been caught so easily. Well, you had better see what you can make of the business, Mr. Wisney."

Having hastily perused the note, I bade good morning to the chief, and was soon bowling along in a swift hansom in the direction of Threadneedle street. Arrived at the bank, which, as everyone knows, is one of the largest institutions in the country, I was shown without delay into the submanager's room, the head manager being away in Paris. The former rose to greet me as I entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Wisney," he said, glancing at my card. "I am extremely glad you have come so soon, for we are in a bit of a bother here. Lady Pollock's jewels, worth at the least some £20,000, have been stolen from this bank by means of a letter purporting to come from her ladyship, authorizing the handing over of the case to the messenger."

I sat down and took out my notebook. "I shall be glad to hear full details," I remarked, "if you will be good enough to let me have them."

"I will tell you all there is to tell. About three months ago the jewels were deposited with us by Lord Pollock on behalf of his wife, and the usual receipt given for the same. The case was deposited in the strong room, after the ordinary custom, and there it remained until last Monday morning. On that morning, about 11 o'clock, a cab drove up to the bank and a footman wearing the Pollock livery handed a note to the cashier over the counter. It was brought to me, in the absence of the head manager, and this is what he said."

Thereupon he handed me a piece of stiff note paper, bearing a crest and stamped 230 Grosvenor Gate, Mayfair. It was as follows:

To the Manager, London and Paris Bank, Threadneedle Street, E. C.—Dear Sir: Will you kindly hand my jewel case to the bearer, as I require the diamonds to-night; the receipt which you handed to my husband is inclosed herewith. Yours faithfully,

BLANCHE POLLOCK.

"The letter being, so far as we could perceive, in the handwriting of our customer, Lady Pollock, and the receipt being in order, I, of course, authorized the clerk to hand the case to the messenger immediately. This was accordingly done, and the man, having signed the receipt form, he was driven rapidly away. In due course a letter was sent by us to her ladyship, confirming the transaction, and next morning we were astounded to receive a visit from Lord and Lady Pollock, and to hear that the jewels had never been requisitioned by either of them, the first intimation of the business being the letter from the bank. * * * Her ladyship, as you may well imagine, was in a terrible condition, and it required the united efforts of Lord Pollock and myself to bring her to something approaching a rational state. Her husband also was very emphatic, and hinted plainly that he should hold us responsible for the loss.

"Now, Mr. Wisney, you know as much about the case as I do, for I have given you the main facts as exactly as I can remember them."

"Thank you, very much," I returned, having made a few notes in my book of his remarks. "I wish all persons were equally concise and clear. And now I should like to ask you a most important question."

"What is it?" he inquired, quietly.

"Simply this. Is it, in your opinion, at all possible that Lady Pollock may know more of the theft than she is supposed to know? Is it at all probable that the whole business is simply an awful device to obtain the jewels and damages from the bank as well?"

He thought for a moment, and then said:

"Anything is possible in these extraordinary times, but such a supposition is certainly not very probable. Lord Pollock is one of the richest men in England, and his wife has an exceedingly liberal allowance, as I happen to know from our own books. Still, of course, such a thing is always possible."

"I hope I am not wronging her ladyship in expressing such a theory," I said, quickly; "but we all know that women in desperate straits will do desperate things. My next step will be to interview the persons who took part in the transaction of handing over the diamonds last Monday morning."

"Certainly," he replied; "the head cashier and the junior strongroom clerk."

He pressed a bell, and a messenger in uniform appeared.

"Be good enough to send Mr. Sydney and Mr. Wilson here."

Mr. Sydney proved to be a middle-aged, respectable looking man, whilst Wilson was an ingenuous boy of 18. Both of them were obviously nervous when I addressed them.

"Which of you," I asked, "saw the supposed messenger from Lady Pollock last Monday?"

"I did, sir," returned the elder man. "I was standing at my desk when a carriage drove up, and a tall footman alighted."

"Describe him," I said.

"He was about six feet high, clean shaven, powdered wig, small hands, and a long, thin face—in fact, he was the typical footman all over."

"A clever disguise doubtless," I remarked. "What else?"

"There was nothing else very noticeable, sir. He simply handed me the letter, which I at once took in to Mr. Reeves here (the submanager). Mr. Reeves, having examined the note carefully, told me to instruct Wilson, the young gentleman here, to fetch the case. This he did, and I at once gave it to the man, who went off as briskly as though he were the honestest chap in the city of London."

"That will do," said I; "and now, what has Mr. Wilson to tell us?" He had nothing to say beyond confirming his senior's words, and having thanked the two officials for their information, I dismissed them.

Rising from my chair, I told the submanager, in a few words, what I contemplated doing next. I intended going straight to the Pollocks' house to carry on my investigations from that end.

"You are quite right, I am sure," Mr. Reeves replied, "and it will be well if I give you a note of introduction to his lordship."

Sitting down, he hastily scribbled a brief note, which I placed in my pocket, and then having shaken hands and promised to inform him if anything of importance transpired, I took my leave.

The hansom was waiting at the door.

"No. 230 Grosvenor Gate," I cried to the cabby. The man touched up his horse, which deposited the cab and me 20 minutes later at the house I required.

Lord and Lady Pollock were out, the servant informed me, but they were expected home shortly before luncheon. . . . Would I walk into the library and wait? I at once resolved to do so, and was ushered into the apartment, where I sat down and took out the open letter of introduction.

It was very short, as such a letter naturally would be. It simply stated that I was the official from Scotland Yard to whom the diamond robbery affair had been intrusted, and that any information which could be given me at Grosvenor Gate might probably be of service to me.

This was all that I gathered on perusing the note for the first time; but, as my eyes wandered over it mechanically a second time, I noticed, with a curious feeling of excitement in my brain, something which had escaped me on the first reading. . . . Controlling my agitation as best I could, I drew from my pocket the forged letter to the bank, and then an ejaculation escaped me:

"By Jove; I believe I'm right!"

I rushed to the door. There was little time to lose, and if my theory were the right one, my waiting to interview Lord and Lady Pollock would be quite unnecessary. Hailing a cab, I drove quickly to Scotland Yard, and taking up a directory I found that Mr. Reeves, of the London and Paris bank, resided at Apsley mansions, Regent's Park. My next step was abrupt. I went straight to the chief and asked for a search warrant to investigate the residence of John Reeves, of Apsley mansions, N. W

He gave it to me at once, and once more a cab bore me away. This time my way lay in the direction of Regent's Park.

Apsley mansions proved to be a gorgeous set of flats, and on inquiry of the hall porter, I discovered that Mr. Reeves' flat was on the second floor.

"He is away just now," said the obliging functionary, "in the city; but you can leave a message with his man."

I went upstairs promptly, and rang the bell. A respectable man-servant appeared almost instantly.

"You are Mr. Reeves' servant, I believe?" I asked, quickly

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to leave a message?"

"No. I am Detective-Sergeant Wisney, of Scotland yard and I have a warrant to search these rooms. Here it is. You are at liberty to assist me or not, as you choose, but there must be no interference—you understand that?"

He did not appear to understand at all, but seemed thunderstricken. It was obvious that if Reeves were guilty, this man was perfectly innocent of any complicity in the business. He collapsed into a chair and sat motionless, unable to comprehend my visit.

However, there was no necessity for his assistance, and I did not trouble him for it. Without further ado, I methodically searched the flat, which from the extravagance of its garnishing, plainly showed that the owner thereof was a man of somewhat expensive tastes. The dining-room revealed nothing, but in a corner of his sleeping apartment I stumbled against a small safe. Hardened official as I was, my heart beat fircely as I drew out my skeleton keys to try the lock, for if the diamonds were in Reeves' possession, it was a hundred chances to one they would be in the safe. No man in his senses would dream of disposing of such well-known stones whilst the hue and cry after them was raging.

After several ineffectual attempts, I was successful, and the safe door swung open. A cry of joy escaped me as I espied a small jewel case, bearing the Pollock crest on the lid. The diamonds were apparently intact—not one of them had been removed, so far as I could perceive. I could hardly believe my good fortune, but all the same I did not wait to gloat over it. Stowing away the case in the recesses of my breast pocket, I left the building, leaving the amazed servant still wondering.

My journey to the bank, whence I next took my steps, or rather, to which a cab bore me, was consumed with emotions, in which perhaps anxiety predominated. I was anxious because it seemed to me that perhaps even at the eleventh hour I might lose my man. If by any mishap Reeves had got wind of my visit to his house, he would in all probability have made good his flight ere this. Still, the diamonds were in my possession, and that was the main point after all.

Aha! the bank at last. Leaping from the vehicle, I rushed into the building.

"Mr. Reeves gone yet?" I shouted to a clerk.

"I think he is just going, sir," returned the man.

Without waiting to be announced, I darted upstairs into the room which I had quitted that morning. Reeves was lighting a cigar previous to leaving the bank, and he looked up quickly when I entered.

"Back so soon," he ejaculated; "that means good news. Have you a clew?"

"I have," I answered, sternly; "and what is more, I have the diamonds as well."

He turned very white, and clung to the table for support.

"Are you joking, man? . . . what do you mean?"

"It means," I returned, deliberately, as I locked the door and pocketed the key, "that your crime has been discovered, and that you are my prisoner, John Reeves. It is my duty to arrest you in the queen's name on the charge of being connected with the theft of Lady Pollock's diamonds."

He collapsed like a house of cards, demolished by a blow. His knees knocked together, his lips trembled, his hands twitched violently. A more abject creature I have never seen, and if ever guilt was written on a man's face and in a man's figure, it was written on his face and in his figure then. He accompanied me down the stairs and into a cab like a man in a dream.

The evidence against Reeves being so conclusive, he was advised by his counsel to plead guilty and to make a full confession. This he did, and the confession, which revealed a crime of singular ingenuity and daring, ran thus:

That being desperately hard up through high play and betting on the turf, he had been at his wits' ends to obtain money, and it therefore occurred to him to take advantage of his position at the bank to obtain and dispose of some of the bank's valuables.

That his first idea had been to do this and decamp, but that further deliberation showed him how he might with impunity obtain his nefarious ends, and yet remain in the bank's service.

That the plan which he at length hit upon was to arrange with an accomplice to present himself at the bank with a letter forged by himself, and purporting to come from Lady Pollock, asking that the jewel case deposited by her ladyship should be given up.

That he had arranged with the said accomplice to wait until the head manager was away from London, so that there might be nobody to criticise the forgery, for in the absence of the chief it, of course, fell upon Reeves himself to deal with letters of the kind in question.

That the receipt which the supposed messenger had handed in with the letter was simply another forgery by the ingenious Reeves, copied naturally from the genuine document in the possession of Lady Pollock, which copy had been made by Reeves on the morning when the jewels were deposited three months previously.

He was sentenced to a considerable term of imprisonment, a punishment which he certainly merited.

Perhaps they who have read these lines will wonder what was the link which set me on the right track, and which connected John Reeves with the crime. Ah, well, it was the smallest link in the world, and yet it was just the kind of link which the most skillful criminal is often careless enough to forge, and which leads to his destruction. The clew in question was merely a semi-colon. Both the forged letter to the bank and the note of introduction handed me by Reeves bore that little punctuation mark, which is hardly ever used in ordinary correspondence except by professional writers. Recognizing the extreme rarity of the mark, it flashed upon me in an instant of illumination that in all probability the writer of the forgery and the writer of the other note were one and the same person. Acting on this theory I took the action I have recorded, and achieved the success for which I had worked. Had Mr. Reeves employed a full-stop or a comma, as most other men would have done, he would in all likelihood be a free man at this hour, and the bank mystery would have gone unsolved.—Tit-Bits.

ON SNOW-SHOVELING.

A Connecticut Philosopher Discerns Indications of Character on the Sidewalk.

The year 1898 will be memorable in that almost as soon as we dropped the lawn mower we were able to grasp the handle of the snow shovel. It was the greatest year on record for grass, and is not backward for snow. Callous wasn't off the hands. This indeed is something to remember with pleasure. Not for the man who hires his mowing and shoveling done for him and doctors for dyspepsia, but for him who does his own manual labor and buys porous plasters.

The dyspeptic dilettante thinks lawn mowing is the prettier and the easier. That is because he never tried real snow shoveling and doesn't know anything about the art of mowing. They are no more alike than writing poetry and compiling history. There's science as well as art in both. The man who doesn't fathom it fails to improve the opportunities which nature so generously throws around him.

You've got to know just why your lawn mower will not cut and just how deep you can go with your snow shovel at every shove. This implies constantly alert faculties. There's a time when you can't use a snow shovel on your snow and ice. That usually is when you have a brand-new one, painted green. Then there are times when the ice-pick is of no use and the shovel is a necessity. Most frequently that is immediately after you've broken your one shovel. A wise husbandman never allows his supply of lawn mowers and snow shovels to run low, summer or winter. Yet the very man who most freely criticised the quartermaster's department in the Spanish war is the man who is most careless in this respect.

There is as much difference in snow paths as there is in oil landscapes, as much index to character. One makes a path scarcely wide enough for a tight-rope walker; another bares the flagging from grass to curb and adds a gutter and a clean crosswalk. Callous though he is, the latter is the better Christian, is the further removed from barbarism. And the chances are that he will sprinkle sand when the walk freezes over. But in that you may be mistaken; a too firmly seated conviction of thy neighbor's humanity may result in a too sudden seat on the walk. We purposely leave out of consideration the heathen who allows his walk to remain unshoveled. He isn't worth the ink.

The more conscientious a man is, the more quickly he masters the science of snow shoveling. He cuts the worst drifts as readily as his wife cuts pie. He doesn't complain of the time it takes, because he's the sort of a man who will shovel swiftly through his office work, however late he may be in getting at it. The fellow of the tight-rope walk will sit with his heels on his desk and tell stories. He with no walk at all has a snowless hereafter to contemplate. "By their fruits ye shall know them" will do for a tropical clime. "By their snow paths ye shall know them" is better for Hartford in the winter season.—Hartford Courant.

MAKING A TOQUE.

Some Information About a Fashionable Headpiece for the Season.

The little toque is decidedly in favor, caught at one side and trimmed. It is astonishing how hats are worn back on the head and lifted at the side. Any hat, of any shape and of any material, treated in this way will be more or less in favor, with the chances toward its being more.

The tiniest toques are used for the purpose. They are previously covered with velvet, which is put over a foundation of crinoline, the latter being laid on in loose folds. The velvet sinks into the indentations of the crown and is lifted by the curves of the crinoline until its shape is decidedly irregular. When completed, the entire structure is lifted at one side and caught with a very large pin. The toque is then set upon the head and spiked securely in place.

The woman who is making the toque now studies the shape of the face, and as the situation of the little hat can be changed, she turns and twists it until she gets exactly the right angle. This is marked by an ornament which is set directly over the middle of her left eyebrow. When she puts the hat on, if she has no looking glass, she feels for the ornament and instantly sets it well back on her head on a line with her pretty eyebrow.

This is no fanciful description; it is a bit of the accurate detail of putting on a toque. It was given to the writer by the best milliner on Fifth avenue, who said that she invariably instructed her patrons to put on the hat by a landmark, as it were, not haphazard, with uncertain results.—N. Y. Sun.

Broken Arms.

A physician who was asked what should be done in the case of a fracture of an arm, says: "The best plan would be to get some one to bind the arm firmly, but not too tightly, to your side. I say not too tightly, for a broken limb is sure to swell. I am, of course, presuming that the fracture becomes complicated by trying to move the patient without first binding up the limb. This happens through the piercing of the skin by the jagged end of a bone. In order to prevent this a temporary splint must be applied. This may be made of any firm material that is at hand, such as straight twigs, a bundle of straw, cardboard, book covers or a number of newspapers folded lengthwise. Before putting on the splint it must be well padded with a handkerchief, one of the undergarments, a thick wisp of hay or straw, or the like, and then the splint must be kept in place by strips of cloth torn from the underclothing or shirt.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TRAITS OF THE OYSTER.

This Shellfish Gets Green on Plant Food, Fattens in Fresh Water and Is as Nutritious as Milk.

Persons who eat oysters frequently have doubtless observed that now and then the oysters set before them are more or less green in color. There is a common prejudice against a green oyster. Some persons attribute the coloring to disease and others to parasites or to the presence of copper. Scientific investigation has demonstrated that this "greening" of oysters is in reality due to the fact that the oysters have fed on green plants of simple structure, which are sometimes found in abundance in brackish or salt water. C. F. Langworthy, of the office of experiment stations of the United States department of agriculture, in a bulletin on "Fish as Food," says that, in the opinion of those who have investigated the matter carefully, the green color in oysters is harmless. In Europe green oysters are more highly prized than others. The green color may be removed by placing the oysters for a time in water where the green plants are not abundant.

It is a common practice of oyster dealers, instead of selling the oysters in the condition in which they are taken from the beds in salt water, to place them for a period of about 48 hours in fresh water, in order to fatten them. The oystermen call this operation "floating" or "laying out." The process gives the oyster plumpness and rotundity, its bulk and weight being so increased as to materially enhance its selling value. The belief is common among oystermen that this "fattening" is due to actual gain of flesh and fat, and that the nutritive value of the oyster is increased by the process. Oysters lose much of their salty flavor in "floating," however, and it is an established fact that if the "fattened" oysters are left too long on the floats they become lean again. Careful experiments have shown that oysters taken out of the natural beds in salt water and placed in fresh water actually gain in weight. This is due largely to the fact that they lose mineral weight and gain a considerable amount of water. But there is an accompanying loss of nutrients. When in their natural condition oysters contain from one-eighth to one-fifth more nutritive material than when fattened.

It is interesting to note that the government's experiments, conducted at the New Jersey stations, thus far have shown that oysters freshened by "floating" will not remain alive as long as those taken directly from salt water. Freshening really reduces the life period of an oyster one-half. In the opinion of many consumers, the improvement in appearance and flavor of an oyster due to the dilution of the salts more than compensates for the loss in nutritive value. Prof. Langworthy remarks: "Often flavor has a value which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents."

Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food material, as regards both the amounts and the relative proportions of nutrients. Generally speaking, a quart of oysters contains on an average about the same quantity of actual nutritive substances as a quart of milk, or three-fourths of a pound of beef, two pounds of fresh cod-fish, or one pound of bread. The nutritive substance of an oyster contains considerable protein, the substance whose principal function is to make or repair blood, muscle, tendon, bone, brain and other nitrogenous matter. Apparently as the oyster grows older, at least up to a certain time, not only do the proportions of flesh and liquids increase more rapidly than the shells, but the proportion of nutrients in the edible part increases also. For illustration, 100 pounds of young oysters in the shell appear to contain less of flesh and of liquids than 100 pounds of older ones, and when both have been shucked, a pound of meat from the shells of the older oyster would contain more nutriment than a pound from the younger.

Investigation has shown that, considering the edible portion of the oyster after it has been removed from the shell, the differences in different specimens are much greater than is commonly supposed. This is clearly apparent when a comparison is made of either the flesh or liquor of different specimens, or the whole edible portion of the meats and liquor together. The percentage of water in the edible portion of different specimens of oysters which were analyzed for the United States fish commission varied from about 83 to 91 per cent., and averaged 87 per cent. In other words, the nutritive material in a quart of "solid" oysters varied from 2¾ to 5 1-3 ounces. The man who buys oysters in the shell pays for an enormous percentage of waste material. The average of 34 specimens of oysters in the shell, for instance, showed only 2 3-10 per cent. of actual nutrients. Clams and mussels yield a somewhat higher percentage.—N. Y. Times.

Waste of Animal Life in Africa.

Although in some particulars oxen show undoubted intelligence, in many ways they are great fools. Thus they seem to have no knowledge of what is or is not good for them to eat. In Natal there grows an herb called "tulip," which is almost certain death to cattle, a fact with which they must have been acquainted for generations. Yet they seem to eat it greedily whenever they get the chance. Once I lost about 20 valuable trek-oxen from this cause alone. This and the tale of the horse sickness, to say nothing of the recent record of rinderpest, will show the reader that farming in Africa is not without its risks. Indeed, I know no country where the waste of animal life is so tremendous, although doubtless as the land becomes inclosed and proper buildings and winter food are provided, it will greatly lessen.—Longman's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Five hundred men scoured Webster county, Ia., recently on a wolf hunt, and caught one jack rabbit.

A young man of Arcola, Ill., is a volunteer soldier, his father is an army chaplain, and his mother an army nurse.

A traveler in Porto Rico says that a cigar equal to the present average American ten-center can be purchased there for two cents.

The crown prince of Siam, who can write fluently in three European languages, is a boy author of some note. He has written several stories for children's magazines published in England.

The grand old man of the Roman church is not the pope, as most people suppose, but Cardinal Mertel, who is in his ninety-fifth year and so active and energetic that he bids fair to see the nineteenth century out and the twentieth in.

Ninon De l'Enclos took her secret of sempiternal youth and beauty to the tomb. But she left her house behind her. It is still standing in the Rue de Tournelles, Paris, with its six stories and its magnificent staircase of artistically wrought iron.

Lindley Murray, the grammarian, was born in East Hanover township Lancaster (now Dauphin) county, Pa., and the house where he was born was standing until about 1850. Murray Station, on the Lebanon & Tremont railroad, is named for him.

Frederick Schreiner, the brother of the Cape Colony premier, has written to the English papers denying that his family is of Dutch extraction. "Our father," he says, "was a German, our mother an English woman of Scandinavian descent and no Dutch blood is in our veins."

Forain, the French caricaturist, was recently asked whether he found depravity the deeper among the rich or the poor. "There is no such thing as depravity," he replied, with all the disdain he could put into his voice. "At the top it is diseased nerves; at the bottom hunger."

WHO SHOT THIS SOLDIER?

A Young Volunteer Lost His Nerve at San Juan Hill, But a Surgeon Quieted Him.

Telling of volunteer and regular officers, recalls a sensational and mysterious occurrence on San Juan hill.

On the night of July 2, when the Spaniards made their dash at the American lines, the available trenches were packed full of men. An excitable volunteer major, startled out of his sleep, ordered the men in support over the brow of the hill into the trenches. They grabbed their guns and run over the crest of the hill, only to find the intrenchments filled to the limit with their own men. They had to lie down just back of the trenches without cover.

The men in the trenches were blazing away for all that was in them. The new men sent up back of them were so many that they could not all lie side by side, but some had to lie one behind another.

It was a dark night. Orders were drowned in the volleys of musketry, and to many of the volunteers the bugle and whistle calls were a foreign language. It necessarily rested with the individual men in the ranks back of the trenches to display their cool judgment by refraining from firing.

An excitable lad of not more than 17 or 18 in the rear rank of those back of the trenches loaded and fired. At that moment a comrade just in front of him who had lifted himself on his elbows to see the advancing Spaniards flattened out on his face—stone dead.

The Spaniards were soon glad to gallop back to their intrenchments. Then the support was ordered back under the brow of the hill again, and brought its dead with it.

The man who had been killed just in front of the excitable lad had a hole in him that looked mighty like a Springfield rifle bullet from the rear. A man beside the lad had seen him fire and the dead man drop. The lad himself admitted he had fired. The captain of the company, his men say, is a good officer, but excitable. In this case he was horrified and showed a disposition to be hasty and a little vindictive.

He assembled his company, and in the course of a five-minute talk had the accused lad groveling on the hillside in abject hysterics. The captain talked of a drumhead court martial, and a firing squad in the morning. The occurrence had quite evidently been too much for his nerves.

Meanwhile an enlisted man had been sent for a surgeon. When one came he happened to be a regular. He listened to the evidence, and it didn't appear to excite him or shake his nerve. The lad was writhing and crying out in a kind of hysterics at his feet. He looked down at him, poked him with the toe of his boot, and said, "Shut up!"

Then he stepped over a few paces to where the dead man was stretched out and examined him by the starlight. He took quite a time, and the men who had gathered about, awaited further developments with intense interest. To the lad writhing on the ground it probably seemed an eternity.

At last the regular surgeon came back. He looked down at the lad indifferently. Then he looked the company commander square in the eye and said:

"Shot with a mauser bullet—from the front! Send this yelping whelp to your field hospital for an opiate."

Then he poked the lad with the toe of his boot again, said "Shut up!" again, and marched off.—N. Y. Sun.

Crushed.

He—I wonder why it is that a girl always shuts her eyes when she kisses a fellow.

She—The girl who kissed you would have to shut her eyes, I should think.—Indianapolis Journal.